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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

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LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Monday, Oct. 8.

On Wednesday next will begin at Leeds a Festival that promises to make its mark in the records of English music. We say English music as distinct from music in England, because of the four new works to be brought forward three are the production of native composers. Amateurs have ceased to be surprised at the favour now shown to indigenous talent. They are getting accustomed to it; while for musical Festivals—not only at Leeds, but in other towns—we are bound to say that their present patronage of English art is not a new fashion. Banished from the lyric stage, and holding its own with difficulty in many other places, that art has always found a home at the provincial Festival. Now that no door is shut against it, Festival friendship has become even warmer, while we have just seen a native musician actually decline an invitation to write for Birmingham through stress of prior engagements. This marks a great change, the character and extent of which it would, as yet, be unsafe to estimate. On two points, however, there is no room for doubt—prejudice against the native artist is dying away, concurrently with the marked decadence of commanding foreign talent; and English music, taken for all in all, is a great deal more worthy of patronage than it used to be. We shall not anticipate judgment upon the Leeds novelties, but one of them at least presents a tempting theme. In *King David*, Sir George Macfarren lays before his countrymen a fourth oratorio, less than ten years having elapsed since his first, *St John the Baptist*, made a great success at Bristol. The learned composer thus shows himself to be endowed with no ordinary perseverance. He might reasonably have felt disheartened when the *Resurrection* at Birmingham and *Joseph* at Leeds, though well received at the time, made no permanent impression. Not discouraged, he has tried again, and there is every probability that the good fortune of *King David* will more than atone for whatever has been wanting to its predecessors. The companion works at Leeds are a setting, by Mr Alfred Cellier, of Gray's "Elegy," and one, by Mr Joseph Barnby, of a Psalm, "The Lord reigneth." These will add to the interest of the occasion, which will benefit also from curiosity to become acquainted with the late Joachim Raff's symphony-oratorio, *The End of the World*.

Naturally so great a celebration as that of Leeds receives much attention from the music-loving people north of the Humber, and it is not surprising that, in a scientific age like ours, special efforts should be made to gratify the curiosity of a larger public than any hall can contain. Something of the kind was attempted on a small scale three years ago. Had a curious spectator then strolled into a certain building in Leeds, and into a certain room thereof, he would have seen a group of silent persons, sitting in a circle, each with a telephone communicator at his ear. These were listening to a Festival performance half a mile away, but hearing it under conditions that made the effect more curious than pleasing. It was an exceedingly diminutive sound that travelled along the wires, and, though the various instruments and voices could be recognized by their timbre, they might have been the instruments and voices of people tinier than Lilliputians. Here, however, was not the most serious disadvantage. The telephone transmitted the acuter sounds, but absolutely refused to carry the graver. Like the *Parcels Post*, it had a limit of weight beyond which it would not go. Hence the double-basses, the "loud bassoon," as Coleridge inaptly termed the quietest of orchestral instruments, the blatant opheicleide, and the thundering drum were unable to get beyond the Town Hall. Amateurs can imagine the odd effect at the other end of the wire. The music was all top and no bottom. There was a solution of continuity between the foundation and the superstructure, which had the effect of being suspended in the air. Three years is a long time, measured by what science can accomplish in the period; and we have no doubt at all that the telephone, as a transmitter of music, is now a very different thing from what it was in 1880. At any rate, a very different result is being tried for. The promoters of telephonic enterprise in Leeds are said to have connected the

Festival orchestra with several important neighbouring towns, so that an audience may assemble in Bradford, Wakefield, and elsewhere for the purpose of hearing what is done. Should the experiment prove successful on such a scale, we may assume that the difficulty of sending on sounds caused by slow vibrations has been happily surmounted, and that distant listeners to musical performances are no longer called upon to hear an orchestra wanting basses. Our American kinsmen seem, with characteristic ingenuity, to have solved the difficulty in a small way some time ago, if there be truth in the report that last season the music of the opera was regularly conveyed to a private house for the benefit of an invalid. The larger experiment at Leeds will be watched with curious interest, as opening up, if successful, a vista of extraordinary possibilities. Imagine what it may result in for the Leeds Festivals of the future! We can conceive of the entire northern counties assisting in this novel manner at performances which then would really deserve to be called public, and spoken of as given in the hearing of the nation. A new significance would attach itself to the production of a novelty. It might poll half the population for or against, and keep the telegraph busy with sending on votes to the central audience. By the way, that body will have, under the new system, a tenfold weight of authority. Only the Leeds applause, for example, can be heard elsewhere. Halifax might cheer, but Huddersfield would remain in blissful ignorance thereof; and Hull might groan without disturbing the equanimity of York. On the other hand, every ripple of approval at the point of performance comes along the wire, exercising a stealthy influence upon the general verdict. It will be necessary to look after the central audience of the future. Already we may anticipate the development of a new clique, organized to send prepaid opinion by electric wire.

The mind loses itself in contemplation of what may spring from a system of diffusing music from a fixed point, and carrying it into the homes of the people along with gas and water. This, after all, is not more incredible than, some years ago, was the idea of enabling Jones, of Whitechapel, to talk with Smith, of Walworth, across the intervening space; and we are rather surprised that the company promoters have not already marked the process for their own. Why do we not read of a Musical Supply Association (Limited), having a guaranteed connection with Covent Garden Theatre and the concert halls, and engaging to switch on any musical entertainment, with frequent changes as per tariff? There would surely be no lack of customers, especially in the suburbs, where paterfamilias, seated in dressing-gown and slippers by his sea-coal fire, might have fifteen minutes of the Christy Minstrels, half-an-hour of the Opera, and then go off into a comfortable nap after ten minutes of the Popular Concerts. The field for a Music Supply Association is, indeed, a wide one. The directors might keep artists on the premises—list sent post free on application—so that customers would be able to turn on their favourite vocalists at a moment's notice. What a boon is here for people "At Home," and hospitable people of all sorts! and how delightful it would be to hear a hostess say, "Shall I signal for Mr Santley's 'Anthea'?" Perhaps the artists will take fright at all this, seeing no good to themselves in singing or playing to an entire county at once, and possibly feeling inclined to resent the idea of pouring their mellifluous strains into a receiver. They need not be alarmed, however. Music by telephone will never supersede the music which passes direct from performer to audience, and made doubly eloquent by personal rapport the influence that mutual sympathy exerts. The truth of this will be demonstrated in the Town Hall of Leeds next week, when a vast crowd faces a magnificent orchestra and cheers its efforts. None the less is it desirable that the success of the telephone should also be proved. If the people in the other Yorkshire towns cannot go to the Leeds music, the next best thing is to send the Leeds music to them. The fairy of science stands ready to do so, incompletely just now, no doubt; but this wonder-worker has a habit of progressing by leaps and bounds, and in a few years, it may be, Festival audiences will have grown accustomed to the idea that their pleasure is being in some sort shared by amateurs scores of miles away.

Tuesday

The fourth celebration of the triennial musical festival established here in 1874 begins to-morrow, under the presidency of the Duke of Albany, who, with the Duchess, will attend in person, and under the artistic direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan. In nine years the Leeds Festival has raised itself from a position of local importance to the rank of a national institution, rivalling, indeed, the far older festival of Birmingham. This is quick promotion, and an advancement upon which lovers of music may congratulate themselves as well as those intimately concerned. The great and historic Birmingham Festival, in the renown of which every English amateur rejoices, has now a worthy competitor. Almost neck-and-neck with the chief towns of the Midlands runs the capital of Southern Yorkshire, and each watches the other with a generous determination not to be beaten. Doubtless that feeling will grow as the struggle becomes warmer, and, on behalf of music, I wish it long continuance and increasing. Art is certain to benefit whichever may, in the long run, be outpaced. If it be asked by what means the Leeds Festival has so quickly risen to eminence, the answer is that a first great upward step was taken when the Yorkshire chorus astonished everybody not to the manner born by its wonderful qualities. No time was lost in doing this, and the work was accomplished chiefly by singing the familiar choruses of the *Messiah*, as perhaps, they were never sung before. If Yorkshire owes much to Handel, who provided its musical staple, assuredly an instalment of the debt was paid at that memorable performance of the "sacred oratorio" in 1874. Old frequenters of festivals entered the Hall on that occasion to hear a number or two and come away, since criticism leaves the *Messiah* alone; but they remained to the end, unable to tear themselves from what was almost a new revelation. Then was the foundation of success at Leeds laid, and on it liberality and enterprise have built, and are still building, a proud superstructure.

Things are done well here; there is no tame pacing on the track of routine, nor, when a resolution to go off that path has to be carried into effect, do the managers achieve the proverbial feat of losing the ship "for the sake of a ha'porth of tar." The best talent is engaged, and efficiency in every department carefully studied, with a purpose to do unsparingly whatever it may demand. This road leads to success everywhere and in all things, but especially when a musical festival is concerned, for there a "single rift within the lute" makes the difference between fortune and misfortune. Leeds has been prominent, since 1874, in encouraging native talent. At the first festival, it is true, no new English work was performed, but the second introduced Macfarren's *Joseph*, and the third Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, together with J. F. Barnett's *Building of the Ship*. The present occasion sees another advance, the English novelties being three in number—Macfarren's oratorio, *King David*; Cellier's cantata *Gray's Elegy*; and Barnby's psalm, *The Lord is King*. Associated with these is Raff's symphony-oratorio, *Weltendes Gericht Neue Welt*, a work lately given for the first time in Germany, but never yet heard in England. Four such compositions should satisfy those who demand reasonable concessions to contemporary talent, and they prove that Leeds knows what musicians, other things being equal, have the greatest claim. Looking over the vast field of classic art, the committee made what must be regarded as, on the whole, a good choice. Perhaps it is not quite sufficiently eclectic, and in saying this I refer to the almost entire absence of works anterior to those of Mozart. An idea seems prevalent among directors of musical festivals that, having engaged a complete modern orchestra, they should perform nothing that does not keep all the instruments in full blast. It is even doubtful whether they would look at Handel but for the fact that many of his works have been kindly provided with "additional accompaniments." This is, I venture to say, unworthy of enlightened taste, which accepts the good of whatever age and refuses the narrow limits laid down by contemporary fashion. The programme here, let me cheerfully admit, does not entirely lack compositions representative of a period before the modern orchestra was born. It contains a selection of fourteen pieces from the works of Handel, and one—*Du Hirte Israel's hère*—of the three cantatas composed by Bach for *Misericordias Domini* Sunday. There is reason to believe that the last-named has never yet been performed in England, but in any case it will receive a large amount of curious attention. Coming down from the fathers of music, I find Mozart in the programme, with his "Third Motet," an adaptation, as all amateurs know, of a chorus in the drama of *König Thamos*. This and the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* make up the very modest share of "the greatest absolute musician that ever lived." Beethoven contributes more largely, his grand Mass in D having a place, together with the Symphony (No. 2) in the same key. Weber, Cherubini, Schubert are quite unrepresented, but Rossini is conspicuous with his ever-popular *Stabat Mater*. On his part Mendelssohn takes the lion's share. He opens the Festival

with *Elijah* and closes it with the *Lobgesang*, thus completely overshadowing Schumann, who sends only the overture to *Genoeva*. A few hackneyed pieces bring the name of Wagner into the scheme, while of living composers not already named Gade contributes his cantata, *The Crusaders*, produced at Birmingham in 1876; Mackenzie, the *rocero* from *Colomba*; Sullivan, the duet from *Kenilworth*; and Gounod, the ballet-music from *La Reine de Saba*. I should be sorry to believe that a programme thus made up gives anyone ground for serious complaint. Every amateur, perhaps, knows of some excluded things which he would prefer to some that are included; but generally all must admit that the selection made is worthy of a great festival.

The solo vocalists are Mme Alwina Valleria—her first appearance on an occasion of the kind; Miss Marriott, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Damian, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Mme Patey; Mr Lloyd, Mr Maas, Mr F. King, Mr Henry Blower, and Mr Santley. Such artists are, of course, sufficient, and with them is associated an orchestra of the highest class, comprising twenty first violins, eighteen second violins, fourteen violas, thirteen violoncellos, as many double basses, a double set of wood wind instruments, and the usual brass and percussion. The performers are nearly all picked from London orchestras, conspicuous in the list of names being those, so well known, of Messrs Carrodus, Burnett, Doyle, E. Howell, White, Radcliff, Lebon, Egerton, Maycock, Hutchins, Mann, Ellis, Hughes, Cheshire, &c. A few capable players from the neighbourhood are included in the ranks of this remarkably fine body. The chorus consists of over 300 voices, as to which the committee say, "It will be seen that the chorus has been selected from Leeds and the various towns in the West Riding. There were 700 applicants in response to an advertisement, and every applicant was tested individually and alone, both for voice and reading ability. Of these the best 320 were engaged. Before the Festival takes place forty-five full chorus rehearsals will have been held, besides several sectional rehearsals." From this it appears that the committee do not need to keep the Festival choir together as a permanent body. Surrounded by competent singers they can pick a fresh chorus on each occasion, and thus exercise an absolutely free choice; no one having any sort of prescriptive right to acceptance. Mr Broughton—most capable of chorus masters—of course retains the post in which he is invaluable, and the present choir will, no doubt, equal, if it do not surpass, the best of its predecessors. In other personal respects, the Festival is well served. The responsible duties at the great organ are shared by Dr W. Spark, borough organist, and Mr Walter Parratt, of St George's Chapel, Windsor. The leader of the orchestra is Mr Carrodus, whom Yorkshiresmen are proud to recognize as one of themselves, and, as before stated, Sir Arthur Sullivan, who succeeded to the *baton* of Sir M. Costa in 1876, has supreme musical direction. This record would be incomplete were I not to state that the Executive Committee, among whom the Mayor acts, is presided over by Mr Thomas Marshall, with Councillor F. R. Spark again acting as honorary secretary. In that place Mr Spark could ill be spared. His enthusiasm, energy, and tact are simply beyond price.

The Festival, strictly so called, consists of five concerts, beginning on Wednesday morning and ending on Saturday morning, but the arrangements include an extra concert on Saturday evening at "popular prices," thus enabling amateurs who find the ordinary charges prohibitive to take some share in what is done. The feature is not new, but on the present occasion it assumes a largely-developed form, the entire orchestra and most of the principal singers being engaged to appear and execute a programme made up of selections from the works already performed. An overwhelming audience is assured.

The President and the Duchess of Albany arrived to-day at Farnley Hall, Otley, where they are the guests of Mr Ayscough Fawkes. Their Royal Highnesses will come into Leeds on the first three days for the purpose of attending the morning concerts, and rooms have been prepared in the Town Hall for their use. At luncheon on each day they will be the guests of the Mayor. It is arranged that his Worship and the Town Clerk shall receive the Duke and Duchess at Wellington Station to-morrow morning, and attend them to the Town Hall, an escort of the West York Yeomanry Cavalry accompanying. An address from the Mayor and Corporation will afterwards be presented.

Wednesday.

The elements are apparently as hostile to this festival as the stars in their courses were to Sisera. This morning broke gloomily, with threatenings of a fog such as the Londoners here must have been prompt to recognize. The omens were not vain ones. As the time came for people to gather round Wellington Station and along the route laid down for the Duke and Duchess of Albany, the canopy of

fog and smoke became denser, lights sprang up in the shops and offices, and the entire urban aspect was that of the metropolis what time a November "particular" comes down upon it. Through such a scene did the President of the Festival and his wife, accompanied by the Mayor of Leeds, and attended by a mounted escort, pass to the great municipal building in Victoria Square. In one respect it was well that the townspeople made no arrangements whatever to give the Royal visitors a popular reception. Arches, festoons, flags, and all the paraphernalia of public rejoicing would have been invisible, or, visible, would have had a melancholy and depressing appearance. Under the actual circumstances matters could not have been improved upon. The populace cheered the Duke and Duchess as they passed along in semi-darkness, and the Royal procession—if procession it may be termed—made decent haste to the brightness and hospitality of the Town Hall. How the illustrious guests were formally addressed by the Corporation when once under shelter I need not stop to describe, for the particular reason that I told the story three years ago, when the Duke of Edinburgh filled the chair now occupied by his brother the Duke of Albany. Enough that the usual routine was observed, and the customary courtesies were exchanged. Meanwhile, the weather went from bad to worse. There came a downpour of rain in addition to the darkness, and at times the Leeds noon-day sky was not a bad imitation of that which is quite natural during the hours of night. Never, perhaps, did a Festival audience assemble under such untoward atmospheric conditions. The fortunate holders of tickets for *Elijah* made light of them, however, and crowded the hall not only to its last seat but beyond; for every inch of standing room was occupied.

The Festival Committee have excluded Handel's *Messiah* from their programme, as they did in 1880 and 1877, but retain the masterpiece of Mendelssohn. They may or may not act wisely with regard to the "sacred oratorio;" they certainly do well to hold fast by the dramatic story of the heroic Hebrew prophet. The tickets for this morning's performance were all bought up long ago, and hundreds more might have been sold. Hence it is clear that in Leeds as elsewhere public taste remains faithful to the most masterly oratorio of modern times. I am glad thereof for the sake of Leeds, because wherever there is a falling away of allegiance to such monumental works as those of Handel and Mendelssohn there is going on, to the same extent, a deterioration in musical health. I am told that only once more during the present Festival will such a gathering as that of to-day take place. The audience on Saturday morning is certain to be overwhelming, and then the programme contains Beethoven's *Mass* in D and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*. Obviously the sanitary condition of Leeds, from a musical point of view, need not give much concern.

The scene in the magnificent Town Hall as the hour approached for opening the Festival was most animated, despite the presence of the fog, which, to a slight extent, had effected an entrance. Clouds and darkness being outside, Swan's incandescent lamps, specially provided, threw a flood of radiance upon the gathering crowd, but the experiment of electricity, let me here say, proved hardly so successful as at Birmingham in 1882. Towards the end of the first part of the oratorio, when the storm foreseen from Mount Carmel was approaching, the lights began to fade, and presently were so nearly extinguished that little more than darkness was visible. Happily, provision had been made to meet this state of things, and gas gave time for the more "tricky spirit" to recover, as it soon did. I need not dwell upon the courtesies that passed between conductor, artists, and audience, or upon the reception given to the Duke and Duchess of Albany, as they took their places in the front of the gallery. Yorkshire people know how to cheer, and the display of their powers in this regard must fully have satisfied anybody who had a doubt on the subject. Sir Arthur Sullivan's reception, I should add, was most cordial. He is evidently a favourite here, and recommends the Festival no little by the distinguished place he holds in the executive force. Costa's arrangement of the National Anthem preceded the oratorio, and was most effectively rendered. Thus early the chorus asserted a marvellous power, upon which, no doubt, I shall have much to say during the week. Its quality of tone was superb, its attack prompt, and its crispness and unity of expression were simply marvellous. None of us required to hear more than "God save the Queen" in order to be assured that the choir of 1883 is, at least, equal to that of 1880 and previous years. The performance of *Elijah* at once followed, and in noticing it as far as required by the circumstances, I do all that is needful. Yet the temptation, after such a hearing, to enlarge upon the work itself is almost irresistible, so mightily does it impress the mind and appeal to the sense. A musician of repute, sitting behind me to-day, leaned forward and said, "This wears well." No remark could have had more felt appropriateness. Use does nothing to diminish the power of *Elijah*, and the point of familiarity where contempt begins cannot be made out

ahead by even the strongest glass. The choruses were magnificently given; the singers quite at home with their task, missing nothing in the way of dramatic expression. In which numbers the greatest effect was made, I need not stop to tell. All the Baal choruses were performed with startling force, in fine contrast to the refined tenderness of "Blessed are the men" in the first part, and "He watching over Israel" in the second. It was, however, the glorious masterpiece, "Thanks be to God," that came nearest to sublimity. Here the great volume of pure and vocal tone, used with quite rare vigour, swept clear all the elements of cavil, and forced the most critical into an attitude of admiration. The orchestra gave the overture in a style of equal excellence—the final lead up to "Help, Lord" excepted—and accompanied throughout with a success in view of which whatever slight faults hypercriticism could discover seemed very small. Not so many soloists as usual on festival occasions were engaged in this performance; Mr Maas, for example, taking all the tenor airs, and Mdm Patey all those for contralto. Only the soprano solos were divided—Miss Annie Marriott singing in the first part and Mdm Alwina Valleria in the second. Both these ladies were deeply impressed with the responsibility attaching to their duties, and both, it may be, were affected somewhat in consequence. Nevertheless, Miss Marriott sang with taste and much expressive power, especially in the scene of the Shunamite Woman. Mdm Valleria appeared on this occasion for the first time at a provincial festival, and had to "break the ice" with nothing less important than "Hear ye, Israel"—one of the most onerous airs in all oratorio. She addressed herself bravely to the task, and justified those who saw in her a substitute for Mdm Albani. Mdm Valleria has not had the experience of her sister artist in oratorio, but lack of this was made up for by the quick intelligence she always displays, and by the charm of a style that has never yet failed to obtain plenty of admirers. I expect to find Mdm Valleria becoming, as the week passes, more and more a favourite. Mdm Patey was herself—there can be no higher praise. She sang "O, rest in the Lord" delightfully, of course; but her delivery of "Woe unto them" was even better. This much-maltreated air, so often given over to a second contralto, had its revenge to-day, and more than justified all that I have repeatedly said about its importance in the scheme of the oratorio. Mr Maas, his beautiful voice in the best order, won golden opinions by singing the tenor airs in finished style and with most careful expression of every part of the text. His success in "If with all your hearts" could not have been greater, while Mr Santley never before showed so completely what high intelligence and fine dramatic art can do with the character of *Elijah*. Long ago recognized as faultless, Mr Santley's Prophet becomes more and more perfect as time goes on. It does not stand still; for year by year the artist adds to it touches that enhance its power. This was triumphantly shown to-day. Dr Spark presided at the organ throughout. No one knows that splendid instrument better than he. Of Sir Arthur Sullivan's conducting it is needless to speak, for, on that point, the general success of the performance says enough.

The weather cleared a little towards evening and the rain ceased, so that the second audience were able to reach the hall in greater comfort than their predecessors of the morning. To make the conditions still better the electric light behaved itself more in harmony with serious business, and, save a close and sultry atmosphere, there was nothing of which to complain. Mr Cellier's new cantata, *Gray's Elegy*, formed the attraction on this occasion, the composer himself conducting the performance. In judging this work as a contribution to the Leeds programme it is needful to remember that little time was given for it. The summer had considerably advanced before a resolution not to proceed further with Mr F. Clay's promised novelty was come to, and with no more than a few months before him Mr Cellier undertook to fill the vacancy. It was a bold step on his part, and its boldness every one connected with the Festival, I am sure, takes into account. The new cantata, however, is not for Leeds only. This Festival will presently end, and as the work will go out into the world to be received or rejected for itself alone, so for itself alone should the critic now deal with it. It is a pity that Mr Cellier handicapped himself at the outset by his choice of a subject. I am saying nothing against *Gray's Elegy* as a poem—to point a finger at that beautiful English classic would be to incur the ridicule of men of taste—but a poem may as such be perfect, and yet not lend itself to musical treatment. The *Elegy* is an example of this. No doubt there are some verses which, taken away from their context, accept alliance with the sister art. Such is that beginning, "The boast of heraldry," and that other so often quoted, "Full many a gem of purest ray serene." These, however, are but links in a chain of philosophic reasoning, which loses rather than gains force by the connection of music. The poem in point of fact is lyrical only by exception, and it is not dramatic at all. Labouring under the dis-

advantage thus entailed, Mr Cellier approached his task, and proceeded to parcel out the poem into airs and choruses. Here he found very little to guide him; his decision could only be an arbitrary one, and this in itself was a drawback, because in art that which has not a clear *raison d'être* causes uneasiness if it stop short of offence. I shall not challenge Mr Cellier's judgment, since there is absolutely nothing positive upon which to base an objection. The case is one in which A.'s opinion carries no more weight than B.'s. Concerning the music, there is not very much to be said, for the reason that there is not much in it. The composer has dealt with the surface of his subject, so to speak, and refrained from any endeavour to paint with the colours of his art its hidden things, the profound and solemn thoughts that underlie the poet's village sketch and eventide meditation. Mr Cellier has adorned the exterior; he has gone through the poem with a keen eye for allusions to outward things, and hence if swallows twitter there is twittering in the orchestra, if a beetle hums some instrument hums too; and in like manner the curfew tolls, the owl hoots, and the cock crows. In the spirit of objective handling all the work has been written. We have pageant music, a dead march, and so on, while the air and choruses are marked by extreme simplicity, monotonous effect, and a certain smoothness and polish often associated with veneer. I do not say that the music of *Gray's Elegy* is objectionable. The phrases sometimes have a pretty turn, the harmonies are at least pure if not sufficiently varied, and the orchestration is, as a rule, chaste and elegant; but the fact remains that the work does not satisfy those who expect something more than sonorous effect. A voice may be exquisitely modulated and used with all the charm of a born orator, but if the speaker have nothing to say his speech is vain. Some of the numbers, I am bound to add, were well received this evening, especially the soprano solo (Miss Anna Williams) and chorus, "Full many a gem," and the tenor song (Mr Lloyd), "Some village Hampden." At the close, moreover, there was loud applause, Mr Cellier—who conducted admirably—being called back, and warmly congratulated. Besides the two artists just named, Miss Hilda Wilson and Mr King took part in the performance, each contributing to its success, the honours of which were, however, due to Miss Williams and Mr Lloyd—to the favourite tenor above all, for his really fine delivery of "Some village Hampden." The band and chorus were decidedly not up to the usual mark. They did their work apparently without enthusiasm, and when that quality is lacking, decadence is certain. The second part of the programme was occupied by Beethoven's symphony in D, the *vocero* from *Colomba*, and other things of a varied character.—D. T.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

(From an esteemed Correspondent.)

FIRST DAY.—Despite unfavourable weather, the streets of Leeds were early this morning filled with an expectant multitude, whose bright looks were in striking contrast to the dreariness of the meteorological conditions. Flags were displayed in profusion, and the town presented quite a festive appearance. Long before the time appointed for beginning the spacious Town Hall was completely filled, and presented an animated and inspiring spectacle. The electric light successfully dispelled the gloom so depressing outside, and the room was seen under decidedly favourable conditions.

The work chosen for the opening performance was the always delightful oratorio, *Elijah*. The principal singers were Miss Marriott, Mdme Valleria, Madme Patey, Messrs Maas, Blower, and Santley; while Mrs Clarke, Mrs A. Broughton, Miss Damian, Messrs Palmer and Bellington rendered assistance in quartets, all being evidently inspired by the importance of the occasion. Mention must however be made of Mdme Patey and of Mr Santley, both of whom sang superbly, the former making a profound impression, while the latter seemed in renewed possession of his old dramatic fervour. The choruses were given with surpassing excellence and wonderful effect, evoking the enthusiasm of the large assembly. Dr Spark ably presided at the organ, never making his instrument unduly prominent, and thereby evincing his good taste. Sir Arthur Sullivan directed the forces under his command with judgment and marked ability.

The evening performance consisted of Gray's "Elegy," set to music by Alfred Cellier, and a miscellaneous selection of instrumental and vocal music. The cantata failed to produce a favourable impression. The principal singers were Miss Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs Edward Lloyd and King, and they did their best to give

animation to a work that seemed entirely destitute of life, and that resembled the "Valley of Dry Bones" in its want of feeling and inspiration. The chorus-singers seemed to partake of the general depression, and frequently sang out of tune. The second part of the concert included Beethoven's Symphony in D, Mozart's exquisite Overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and the madrigals, "Let me careless" (by Thomas Linley) and "When all alone" (by Luca Converso), with a few unimportant pieces. The orchestral works were given in excellent fashion, while the rendering of the beautiful madrigals was in all respects worthy of praise, and reflected much credit on Mr Broughton, the chorus-master, who conducted.

The principal feature in Thursday morning's performance was the oratorio by Joachim Raff, entitled *The World's End, the Judgment, the New World*, the second part consisting of a selection from the works of Handel, and including some of his most effective and characteristic choruses, interspersed with two or three favourite airs to afford the necessary variety. The principal vocalists in Raff's work were Miss Damian and Mr Santley, the latter undertaking the whole of the music allotted to St John. Miss Damian possesses a voice of rare beauty, and her singing was characterized by artistic qualities of a high order. Mr Santley was in all respects acceptable, and his excellent rendering of the ungrateful recitatives was worthy all praise. The chorus-singers regained the laurels so nearly lost on Wednesday night, and in firmness of attack, justness of intonation, and due observance of light and shade, left little room for fault-finding. The tenors were sometimes slightly flat; but, where all were evidently doing their best to satisfy every just demand, slight indiscretions, occasioned, perhaps, by over-zeal, may well be pardoned. The members of the orchestra acquitted themselves well of a difficult task, and it may fairly be said that, but for the effective and frequently eccentric instrumentation of the work, interest would have been difficult to retain; the oratorio was received in silence, and there was an entire absence of enthusiasm. The transition from Raff to Handel was a change from darkness to light; the manly directness of the grand old Saxon master at once enlisted the sympathies of the audience, and the applause was both frequent and hearty. The choruses were worthily sung, and the broad diatonic effects were a welcome relief from the effeminate chromatic harmonies of the modern composer. Every point was taken up with precision, and the singers evidently sang with real love for the beautiful music, as was made clear from the almost overpowering effect sometimes produced; not that delicacy was absent, for the soft passages were given with excellent effect. Miss Hilda Wilson sang the air, "What though I trace," with great taste, and was well received; while Miss Annie Marriott's rendering of the florid song, "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre," also enlisted the sympathies of the audience. Mr Maas gave a very expressive performance of "Waft her, angels," while Mr Blower sang the air, "He layeth the beams," with commendable energy. Mr Walter Parratt and Dr Spark divided the organ duties between them, and Sir Arthur Sullivan again acted as conductor. The performance, which was well attended in spite of unfavourable weather, lasted for more than four hours.

Of high interest to lovers of good music was the fare provided for their delectation on the second evening of the Festival. Beginning with Joseph Barnby's new cantata, *The Lord is King*, ending with Rossini's popular *Stabat Mater*, and including between these two works Mozart's fine motet, "Deus tibi laus et honor," and Bach's charming cantata, *Thou guide of Israel*, surely no one had reason to complain of lack of variety or of want of interest in the pieces chosen. All evidently appreciated the munificence of the authorities, and performers and audience showed, by excellence of rendering and hearty meed of applause, their delight. The chorus surpassed itself, and provoked the utmost enthusiasm; finer singing could not be than that heard to-night, and the effect was delightful in the extreme. *The Lord is King* was received most favourably, and every movement applauded to the echo. The composer received an ovation of which he may well be proud. The principal solo singers in the new work were Miss Marriott, Miss Damian, and Mr King, and each sang most acceptably; Miss

Sellers, Mrs Broughton, Messrs Maas, Palmer, and Taylor lent their useful assistance in the double quartet, and thus contributed to the pleasant result. Mozart's "Motet" was performed in a satisfactory manner, and was very welcome, as was also Bach's little known cantata. The soloists in the former were Miss Marriott, Miss Damian, Mr Maas, and Mr Blower, the two last-named also assisting in the latter work. Each composition created a profound impression, the cantata especially meeting with favour equal to its deserts. The air, "Whom Jesus deigns," seemed to please greatly, probably from its remarkable resemblance to a well-known old English ditty. The *Stabat Mater*, notwithstanding its secular character, is always sure of public approval, and this occasion proved no exception to the general rule. The soloists were Mdme Valleria, Mdme Patey, Mr Maas, and Mr Blower. Mr Maas was successful in evoking plaudits for his rendering of "Cujus Animam," while "Quis est Homo," entrusted to such thorough artists as Mdme Valleria and Mdme Patey, naturally drew forth unmistakable signs of delight. The unaccompanied quartet, "Quando Corpus," was sung in almost faultless style, while the other numbers attained to a high degree of excellence. Up to the present time the performances of Wednesday morning and Thursday evening have been by far the best, not only as regards the music given, but also with reference to the way in which it was rendered. May not this be an illustration of the law of cause and effect.

T. J. D.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The fortnightly meeting of professors and students was held on Saturday, October 6. The following compositions were given:

Fugue in G, organ (Johann Ludwig Krebs), Mr H. C. Tonking, pupil of Dr Steggall; Morning Prayer, "Lord from my bed," *Eli* (Sir Michael Costa)—(accompanist, Miss Annie V. Mukle, Lady Goldmid Scholar)—Miss Lee, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Rondeau à la Polonoise, Op. 37, pianoforte (Sir W. Sterndale Bennett), Miss Shalders, pupil of Mr Morton; Adagio, from Concerto in G, No. 11, violin (Spohr)—(accompanist, Mr Septimus Webbe)—Mr O'Brien, pupil of Mr Ralph; Serenade (MS.), "Stars of the Summer Night" (F. Kilvington Hattersley, student)—(accompanist, Mr Hattersley)—Miss Leonora Pople, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr Gustav Garcia; Andante, in E minor (Characteristic Pieces), Op. 7, No. 1 (Mendelssohn), Novelette, in E, Op. 21, No. 7 (Schumann), pianoforte, Miss C. R. Butler, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Spanische Romanze (Halldan Kjerulf)—(accompanist, Mdme Serruys)—Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, pupil of Mr Randegger; Barcarolle, in F sharp, Op. 28, pianoforte (Chopin), Miss F. C. Smith, pupil of Mr O'Leary; Air, "Hear ye, Israel," *Elijah* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest Kiver)—Miss Edlison, pupil of Mr Davivier; Capriccio, in B flat minor, Op. 33, No. 3, pianoforte (Mendelssohn), Miss Shaw, pupil of Mr Westlake; Aria, "Si hai ceppi," *Berenice* (Handel)—(accompanist, Mr G. J. Bennett)—Mr Barker, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Andante, from Concerto, No. 5, violin (Léonard)—(accompanist, Mr Septimus Webbe)—Mr German E. Jones, pupil of Mr Burnett; Two Sketches (MS.) in F sharp minor and A major, pianoforte (Dora Bright, student), Miss Dora Bright, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Walter Macfarren; Songs, "Under the Lilac" (Arthur O'Leary), "Know'st thou the land" (Beethoven)—(accompanist, Miss Alice Robinson)—Mrs F. Wilson, pupil of Mr Fiori; Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14, pianoforte (Mendelssohn), Miss Dora Robinson, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Song, "Last night the Nightingale" (Halldan Kjerulf)—(accompanist, Mr Septimus Webbe)—Miss Tenniswood, pupil of Mr W. H. Cummings; Sonata quasi una Fantasia, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 1, pianoforte (Beethoven), Miss Adele Surville, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson.

SONG WRITERS AND THEIR FEES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A statement in your paper of the 29th of September, relative to the payment made by music publishers to composers of songs, attracted my attention by reason of the many errors and discrepancies in it requiring immediate contradiction and refutation. A good deal has been said about Mr F. N. Crouch's song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," the words of which were written by an Irish lady, the late Mrs Crawford, who, by the way, received not a penny for her share of the work. It was published by Mr Crouch when a teacher at Plymouth, and then sold by him to Mrs Rowe, a music-seller

of that town, who again sold it to Messrs D'Almaine & Co. Afterwards it was purchased from the representatives of that firm for six hundred pounds. It owes its popularity as much to the character of the words as to the music. No one can doubt it is largely indebted to the nature of the words, which is essentially Irish; not so the music, for that, good as it is, has no such individuality. Mr F. N. Crouch received a considerable sum when he incorporated this ballad into a set of Irish songs, which included, amongst others, "Dermot Asthore." Then some slight remuneration was paid to Mrs Crawford, who certainly is entitled, with the composer, to a fair share of the popularity of several of those songs. Another untrustworthy remark, made in the same article, is that referring to Mr George Barker. I can vouch for the fact that he received ten guineas for the copyright of the music to "Mary Blane," which he had set to other words. Finding in that form it did not succeed, I adapted and wrote the words of "Mary Blane," adding, also, the refrain or chorus. The late Mr Joseph Williams bought the music and words, and more than a hundred thousand copies of it were sold. A circumstance occurred regarding this song: Mr Williams, not being satisfied, was determined to have other words to the melody. He, therefore, advertised in the daily papers that he would give five guineas for a set of words not of a negro-minstrelsy character, and, in reply, received a number of poems; after an inspection of several hundred sets of words, he published one that he thought would suit the music. The result was, to his amazement, he never sold a dozen copies. The old version kept its ground, and still finds purchasers. The words of Mr Barker's popular song, "The White Squall," were written by the late Captain St John, R.N., who gave them to the composer. The copyright was sold to Mr Purday, of 45, Holborn, for five guineas. When this copyright fell in, Mr Barker received, some time before his death, a good round sum for the renewal of the copyright; Mrs St John also getting five guineas for the words by her late husband. Concerning Mr C. Glover's song, "Jeanette and Jeanot," I read within the last week Mr C. Glover's receipt for £40, paid by the late Mr Charles Jefferys, of Soho Square, for the song and arrangements. Regarding the late Mr Charles Horn's songs, "Cherry Ripe," "I've been roaming," "Child of Earth," and "I know a bank," with the songs in the opera of *Peveril of the Peak*, these pieces were composed previous to that gentleman's first visit to America, where he, however, published "The Mermaid," and "The deep, deep Sea." Mr T. Welsh, music publisher, gave him ten guineas for the MS. of "I've been roaming," and a handsome sum a few years later on account of its large sale. Coming to England after a long residence in the United States, he was kind enough to leave with me his diary, containing interesting remarks on the musical intelligence found at that time in the United States. In that journal he relates an anecdote concerning a present he received previous to leaving England, from the publisher of "Cherry ripe," which present consisted of six tea-spoons, with bunches of cherries engraved on the handles of the spoons. Much has been written lately upon the subject of composers being deprived of a share of the profits of their published works, yet, if we take into consideration the other side of the question, we shall easily find a direct and just answer, inasmuch as there are many, many failures, even when some of the most popular composers are the authors. The publisher has to take these considerations into account when weighing full results, and fair play will say there are two sides to the question of these querulous and loud-tongued complaints.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

PARIS (correspondence).—Mdle Nevada, who obtained her "letters of naturalization" as Zara in the *Perte du Brésil*, is one of those singers whose career in France is followed with interest on account of her artistic value and the hopes entertained of her future greatness. The part of Mignon, represented by Mdle Nevada at the Opéra Comique, perfectly suits her style. Her expressive features, although not decidedly handsome, associate themselves, at all events at the commencement of the opera, with the half-savage nature of the character. Her countenance, melancholy at first, brightens by degrees, and her eyes—brilliant, piercing, and intelligent—complete the picture and render her delineation of the character in a short time highly attractive. In consequence of the style of singing usually adopted by Mdle Nevada, it was feared that Mignon, written principally for the medium of the voice and not exclusively for a florid singer, would not suit her. But as Mdle Nevada possesses an organ of even quality throughout its extensive range—brilliant in the upper notes, full and round in the lower and middle register, it was soon found out that a charming embodiment of the sympathetic part of Mignon was before us. Mdle Nevada, before all, brought out the sentimental side of the character, and gave the romance, "Connais tu le pays," with grace and simplicity.—D. MAGNUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARGATE.—The article of our Correspondent on Balfe's *Mazeppa* must necessarily stand over, the first page of MS. not having come to hand.

DEATH.

On September the 28th, at Villa Biletta, Moncalieri, Italy, aged 20, LEOPOLDINA, daughter of the CHEVALIER BILETTA.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.



On Change.

DR QUINCE (*in a great hurry*).—Where are you off to now?
DR SHIPPING (*in a greater hurry*).—I'm off to Sydenham-on-the-Hill. And you?

DR QUINCE.—I also. What are you going for?

DR SHIPPING.—For Dvorak's Second Pianoforte Concerto. And you?

DR QUINCE.—For Beethoven's Fourth Symphony.

DR SHIPPING.—O, then, we shall meet.

(*Exeunt severally in hurries.*)

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Saturday Afternoon Concerts begin to-day. *Hoch!* This will be their 28th season; and that there may be as many successors must be the ardent wish of every amateur and musician, for there is nothing to match them in their way, and nothing to beat them in any war; nor can there be imagined a more delightful resort than that of the Crystal Palace—"The Palace made of windows," as Thackeray called it—for the wholesome and health-giving recreation derived from the attentive hearing of beautiful music such as that provided for the public by the directors, under the cogent and indefatigable supervision of Mr August Manns. This accomplished gentleman, as a matter of course, will again direct the performances; and with evident reason, considering for how much, and for how many years, they have been indebted to his artistic ability and wide experience, both in the ancient (if that which is ever young can, under any pretext, be called as ancient) and the modern in music.

The opening programme is a very good one, combining novelty, long-admitted excellence, and happy variety. All we need add for the present is, that the Symphony is Beethoven's in B flat; that the overtures are Weber's *Jubilee*, and the *King Lear* of the more and more influential Hector Berlioz; and that the vocalist is Mrs Hutchins. What else there is to say must await our notice of the concert next week, which a cursory review of the general scheme and prospects of the season will accompany. Meanwhile, all success to the Crystal Palace concerts!

D. B.

STOCKHOLM.—Sig. Merelli, having strengthened his Italian opera company by the engagement of Signorina Varesi, came here on leaving Copenhagen. Thanks to the attraction of the lady in question the performances were well attended. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* will be given this season at the Theatre Royal, for the first time in this capital. Herr Labatt, a born Swede, and for a long period at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, will be the Walther Holzing, a part he so frequently sustained there in German.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 627.)

Not having the Opera, he had the Conservatory, where his services, there is reason to believe, were much more useful than they could have been elsewhere. It was twenty-eight years since, at the first establishment of our grand school of music, he had been summoned to become a member of its staff of teachers; it was six years since he had been placed at the head of a class of composition, and his success had been such that with three of his pupils he had obtained seven nominations to the grand competitions of the Institute for the "Prix de Rome." Here is the list: 1816. 1st second grand prize, Batton; 2nd second grand prize, Halévy; 1817. 1st grand prize, Batton; second grand prize, Halévy; 1818. Second grand prize, Leborne; 1819. First grand prize, Halévy; 1820. First grand prize, Leborne. The reader will easily understand that such successes, added to the glory Cherubini had long achieved, to his high reputation for integrity, and to his brilliant past in the School, were destined to direct attention to him when it was a question of raising that School from the state of abasement into which it had been allowed to fall, and of restoring to it the splendour it had formerly enjoyed—of enabling it, in a word, to compete with the institutions of the same description which existed in the different countries of Europe. The moment was about to come. When, in 1816, the Conservatory, reduced, saw its budget cut down in a scandalous manner, its staff and all its departments diminished, a name it had rendered famous transformed into that of the Royal School of Music; when it had been humiliated in every manner, and rendered incapable of existing usefully and efficaciously, it had seen even the post of its director abolished, as though, whatever the name given him, it was not always necessary to have some official or other at the head of a school. One, therefore, was appointed, with the ridiculous title of "Inspector General," to replace Sarrette. The new comer was, however, a profoundly honest man, an indefatigable worker, a very well educated artist, and a not unskilful administrator; it was Perne, who had been assistant-professor in Catel's class of harmony, and to whom we are indebted for the interesting works on the history and theory of music.

Perne did all he could to maintain for the school whose destinies were confided to him a portion at least of its ancient splendour. But resources failed him; in the official world he met with an evident feeling of ill-will towards the establishment under his care; he could bring about no progress and no amelioration, so that, tired of always turning round in the same circle, overwhelmed with mortifications, and feeling his powerlessness to do good, he ended by making up his mind to retire, and tendered his resignation in the early days of the year 1822. Then only did the persons in governmental circles appear to understand the error and stupidity they had committed in degrading, as they had, one of the most noble and most useful creations of the Revolution. They then thought about raising the School from the state of ruin into which they had voluntarily plunged it; they perceived that the artistic future and supremacy of France was at stake; so they undertook to reconstitute the school; to make the sacrifices necessary for this; to effect a system of reforms become indispensable; but, above all, they resolved to choose a director who should be equal to the mission of reparation, which would be confided to him.

I must here introduce a parenthesis to dispose of one of those little mystifications of which Castil-Blaze, with the sole object of gratifying his vain-glory and vanity, was guilty towards the public. It is to be remarked that he never asserted anything of the kind I am about to mention till he was certain there was no longer anyone to bring him back to the truth and convict him of his error; till, in fact, he could speak with full assurance. I have already had, elsewhere, occasion to reduce to nothing a vexatious accusation preferred by him against Boieldieu, when Boieldieu and Scribe, the only men who could have brought him to book, were no longer alive to contradict him. Similarly in the present instance—where, however, he prejudiced no one—he waited till the Marquis de Lauriston and Cherubini, who alone could have refuted him, had also disappeared. Here is the fact; here is our friend's assertion that, if he was not appointed Director of the Conservatory instead of Cherubini, it was because he himself did

not wish it. The little story is, after all, curious, and this is how he tells it :

"I had just published two volumes entitled *De l'opéra en France*, which at once took me to the *Journal des Débats*, and caused me to be appointed, off-hand, without my own knowledge, Director of the Academy of Music, an extremely honourable post, which my respect for morality would not allow me to accept. . . . I was a translator and journalist, two occupations which promised a million, while the Conservatory offered me only a zero for presumed surplus of the receipts every year. I knew the value of notes, and was on my guard against too dangerous an honour. M. de Lauriston, Minister of the King's Household, then said to me : 'You managed a sub-prefecture perfectly ; I find in you a barrister, a literary man, a musician, and a business-man, free from all spirit of clique ; you are the man for me : where else could I find one combining in himself all these valuable qualities for a Director of the Conservatory ?' Alas ! the man in question felt bound to refuse the honour, and the ten thousand francs, of an eminent place. Being poor, he could not afford to accept them in exchange for his hopes, and, certes, he was right, as events proved. Paris curés will not be made bishops.*"

Thus the celebrated man who held in France and in all Europe so high an artistic position was appointed Director of the Conservatory only on the refusal of Castil-Blaze, and after fruitless application had been made to the latter ! This is certainly calculated to excite a smile. I will not dwell, however, upon such a piece of pleasantry, though it strikes me as belonging to the history of the Conservatory, but return to Cherubini.

It is certain, as the result proved, that no better person than Cherubini could have been selected to be set at the head of an establishment of such high artistic importance. As an artist, no one had better titles to justify the honour ; as a man, no worthier could be found ; and, lastly, as an administrator, he fully justified the confidence which had been reposed in him. It was under date of the 19th April, 1822, that an order of the Minister of the King's Household invested him with his new functions, which he was to hold for twenty years, to the very great benefit of the School which he was about to invest once more with so bright a splendour.

Not only was his directorship fertile in salutary measures and ameliorations of every kind, but it was especially excellent as regards the exactitude, the method, and the regularity in the work of each day ; the general course of study ; and the happy impulse imparted to every branch of instruction. It was under Cherubini's reign that a double committee of instruction was created for music and for elocution, as well as a committee of management ; that the boarding-house for male pupils (and even that for female pupils, which it was afterwards necessary to do away with) was re-opened ; that public performances were re-established and their number fixed ; that the terms of engagement between the students and the Theatres Royal were settled ; that classes for the harp, double bass, preparatory piano for women, and reading aloud were created ; that opera and comic opera, and instruction in lyrical declamation, were divided into two distinct branches ; that the schools of music in the departmental towns of Lille, Toulouse, Marseilles, and Metz, were created branches of the parent school ; that the terms on which the professors should retire were exactly defined, &c., &c.† Lassarabathie, the historian of the Conservatory, who, in his capacity of administrator of the establishment (1854—1800), had in his hands all the documents, papers, and registers, constituting its archives, has characterized in these terms Cherubini's directorship and its happy results :

"This Director devoted all his care and all his time to the establishment. He was active, and always ready to uphold the rights of the whole body of teachers. He sometimes had occasion to make observations, as energetic as respectful, on the decisions which appeared, in his eyes, to compromise the rights of certain professors. He set an example of assiduity and work. Having given up writing for the theatre, he devoted all his time to directing the Conservatory. He maintained severe discipline there ; he saw to everything for himself—the class-rooms, the boarding-house, the offices, &c. ; he compelled the professors, the other persons employed in the establishment, and the students, to be rigorously assiduous ; he himself

was in his own room every day from the opening to the closing of the classes. He inexorably sent away all students who appeared to him unable to pursue with advantage the career which they had chosen. He submitted to no external influence ; nothing could modify his decisions and the measures he thought himself bound to take in the interests of the pupils and their studies. The traces of his energetic directorship are found in his correspondence and the Conservatory archives. Esteemed by all, very equitable, and very accessible to complaints, he succeeded in introducing order and regularity into the service of the Institution, and imparting to the studies a favourable impulse, which produced numerous remarkable results. His administration worthily succeeded that of M. Sarrette."‡

It is certain that, apart from the few defects with which he could be reproached, Cherubini was a model director, but these very defects arose from his good qualities. Wishing to see, and, in some degree, do everything himself, he was a little meddlesome, a little fastidious, often paying too much attention to details which ought to have left him indifferent, to minutiae and puerilities ; busying himself with a thousand trifles which did not come under his province and concerned only his subordinates. In a word, he was, if we may say so, too careful. On the other hand, he imparted into his dealings with the persons placed under his orders the bluntness and roughness which characterised him, and it was not always easy to deal with him ; but this outward stiffness was redeemed by a rare sentiment of justice and the care he took of the interests he had to guard. Jealous of excess of his power and prerogatives, he never failed to employ them for the general good, and, if he was exacting and severe towards his subordinates, he was the first to set the example of duty. Incorruptible, moreover, inaccessible to external influences, whatever they might be (we shall soon have a striking example of this), struggling incessantly against favoritism and nepotism, never bending before the powerful, when their desires appeared to him unjust, he never allowed any encroachment in any case, and his resistance went so far that he deliberately tendered his resignation when an attempt was made to compel him to do something he considered contrary to his dignity or to justice. A few anecdotes, however, will paint him better than all the accounts in the world.

I have said that Cherubini submitted to no external influence. The following letter is of a nature to prove that the highest patronage was useless with him when it was not backed up by the qualities indispensable in each case ; it was addressed to M. Borel de Brétizel, under private secretary to Queen Marie-Amélie :

"CONSERVATOIRE

"DE

"MUSIQUE.

"Paris, the 10th October, 1835.

"SIR,—I have just heard Madlle Hebler, whom you did me the honour to recommend on the part of the Queen, and who desired to be admitted into the Conservatory. Despite all my inclination to second Her Majesty's kind intentions with regard to the young lady, I regret very much that it is impossible for me to receive her, on account of the feebleness of her natural means. I acquainted her verbally with the motives preventing her admission, and advised her mother to bring her up to some other career than that of the stage, for which nature has denied her the most indispensable qualities : exterior and voice.

"I have the honour to remain, Sir, your very obedient servant.

"L. CHERUBINI.

"Director of the Conservatory of Music."

And what Cherubini refused the great, and even sovereigns, he did not grant either to his best friends, even to those who were dearest to him. One day, Halévy asked his permission to introduce a lady in whom he took a lively interest ; a woman of fashion possessing a very fine voice, and singing very well, whose husband, owing to a reverse of fortune, had been utterly ruined. She hoped to find a resource in the employment of her talent, and Halévy wanted to get her admitted into Levasseur's class, so that she might study the stock-pieces of the Opera, and fit herself to appear before the public. Cherubini willingly consented to hear her, and an appointment was made for the next day. At the hour named, Halévy entered Cherubini's private room and announced M^{me} X . . . , who was close behind him. Cherubini rose, looked at her who had come to solicit his influence, and said immediately : "Are you the lady, Madam, who wished to come out at the

* Castil-Blaze : *L'Académie impériale de Musique*, vol. II, pp. 166, 167.

† It was only after the Revolution of 1830 that, by a Royal Decree, dated the 25th January, 1831, the Royal School of Music had its old title of Conservatory of Music and Elocution restored to it.

‡ Lassarabathie, *Histoire du Conservatoire*, p. 60.

Opera?"—"Yes, sir."—"It is impossible!"—"Why, sir?"—"Why? Ask your glass!" This was harsh, without doubt, and somewhat brutal, but was it not artistically honest?

(To be continued.)

CONCERTS.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 3rd, a series of high-class "Entertainments for the People" was commenced at the Bethnal Green Road Congregational Church, Hackney—the first being a Ballad Concert. The vocalists were Mdme Clara West, Miss C. Wollaston, Miss Lottie West, Mr W. Doble, and Mr A. Tucker; pianist, Mr W. West; organist, Mr John E. West, A. C. O. There was a numerous and appreciative audience.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.—On Tuesday evening week, the harvest thanksgiving services were continued at St. James's, Clerkenwell, when, after evensong and a short sermon, a service of praise (consisting of excerpts from the oratorio, anthems, &c.) was given by the choir and some professional friends, whose services were secured for the occasion. Miss Emily Paget, R.A.M., had been announced to take the soprano solos, but this was impracticable on account of a cold, from which the lady suffered. Miss Omarey (a lady favourably known to Islingtonians) was obtained as a substitute, and the result proved satisfactory to the very large audience in attendance. The church was filled even to the topmost galleries, and the choir stalls were inadequate for the accommodation of the whole number of ladies and gentlemen who proffered their services. The soloists included Miss Omarey, Mrs Whiting, Miss Davey, and Mr Paget, and it is worth while deviating somewhat in order to make mention of the excellent rendering of Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord," as sung by Miss Nellie Haigh, at the commencement of the festival on Sunday. Among Tuesday's selections were the recitative and aria, "And God said" and "With verdure clad," which were carefully and effectively rendered by Miss Omarey, and after the full congregation had sung "Lord of the harvest," the same lady was equally pleasing in the recit. and aria, "And God said" and "On mighty pens." Mr Paget gave excellent expression to the recit., "And God said," and the air, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," and Mrs Whiting and Miss Davey were harmonious in the duet, "O lovely peace with plenty crowned." Dr John Clarke's anthem, "O praise God in His holiness," was especially well sung. Both Mr Paget and Miss Omarey (as soloists in the anthem) gave effective rendering to their parts, the powers of Mr Paget being fully exemplified in the grand passage, "Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet." The latter piece also tended to show the capacity of the almost new instrument and the performer thereon (Mr James Robinson), and to each may well-merited praise be given. Mr Robinson played a fine voluntary, viz., "The Hallelujah Chorus," and "The March aux Flambeaux," the congregation meanwhile viewing the elaborate decorations of the church.—*Islington Gazette.*

PROVINCIAL.

ST. CLEARS (CARMARTHENSHIRE).—On Friday evening, September 21st, a most charming entertainment was given in this little place, by Miss A. T. Jones, R.A.M., (Harp Medallist), (daughter of Mr C. Jones, of Carmarthen) under distinguished patronage. With Miss A. T. Jones were associated Misses M. Jones-Morewood, R.A.M., Eleanor Rees, R.A.M. (Medallist), Marian Ellis, R.A.M., Lizzie Jones (Senior Certificate R.A.M.), Mr Musgrove Tufnail, R.A.M. (Gold Medallist), Mr C. M. Smith (Senior Certificate R.A.M.), and Mr C. Videon Harding, who conducted the concert throughout. The Market Hall was crammed with an enthusiastic audience, who received such a two hours' enjoyment that could only be experienced in our large English towns, and even in those places not very often during the year. The thanks of all are due to Mr John Davies (of the London and Provincial Bank), the chief mover in bringing the concert about. Miss Lizzie Jones shared the accompaniments with Mr Harding on the pianoforte during the evening.

BLACKPOOL.—Two performances of Haydn's *Creation* have been given at St John's Bazaar; one in the afternoon, and another in the evening. At the morning performance the solos for the soprano voice were allotted to Miss Bessie Holt, who rendered them like a genuine artist. Her singing of "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens" for correctness of conception, purity of tone, and distinctness of articulation, left little to be desired. At the evening performance Miss Mary Davies was the soprano vocalist.

CARMARTHEN.—On Thursday, September 20th, Miss A. T. Jones, R.A.M., daughter of Mr Charles Jones, of this town, gave her second concert with success, assisted by Misses Eleanor Rees, R.A.M. (Medallist), Marian Ellis, R.A.M., M. Jones-Morewood,

R.A.M., Lizzie Jones (another daughter of Mr Jones); Messrs Musgrove Tufnail, R.A.M. (Gold Medallist), Videon Harding, and C. M. Smith. The programme consisted, among other compositions, of a duet for piano and harmonium, from *Le Prophete*, well played by Mr Harding, (St. Peter's accomplished organist), and Mr. Smith, as well as "The Toreador's Song," from *Carmen*, sung by Mr Tufnail, who also gave "A Whaler's Yarn" and "My Friend." Miss Eleanor Rees (contralto) pleased everybody by her rendering of "Leaving yet Loving." Miss A. T. Jones played several harp solos with great finish and expression. There is a marked improvement in her playing, and it requires very little more study to make her one of the leading performers on the instrument of her predilection. The song, "The Children's Home," sung by Mr Harding, and accompanied by Mr C. Jones (violin), Miss Lizzie Jones (piano), and Mr C. M. Smith (harmonium), was well received and encored. Miss Ellis gave with taste and correctness "Waiting for the King," and "Ehren on the Rhine." Miss Jones-Morewood (soprano), rendered "She wandered down the mountain side," and "My Dearest Heart," with taste and expression. The "National Anthem" brought to a close one of the most enjoyable concerts we have lately attended.—C. J.

BRIGHTON.—There was a "vocal and dramatic recital," by Miss Cowen, on Tuesday evening, at the Royal Pavilion. Excerpts from the writings of Jean Ingelow, Owen Meredith, Dickens, Rosetti, Moore, T. Field, and Re Henry were introduced, and Mdme Maria Klauwell and Miss Kuhe gave vocal and instrumental solos.—Mdme Alice Barth and her Opera Company brought their engagement to a very successful termination on Saturday, September 29th, by a performance in the afternoon, of *Dr Miracle* and *A Storm in a Tea Cup*, and in the evening *The Nabob's Pickle* and *The Loan of a Lover*. On both occasions there were excellent audiences. At the afternoon performance, in the interval between the two operas, Mdme de Lara, the "child pianist," played several pieces with hearty applause.

PONTEFRAC.—Mdme Mina Gould's concert party, including Miss José Sherrington, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr Traherne, Mr Ernest Cecil, Miss Maud Powell, violin, and Mdme Gould as accompanist, completed their tour in the provinces at Pontefract, on Thursday, October 4th. The notices in local journals speak in eulogistic terms of their performances. Miss Sherrington on the occasion under notice, sang with her usual brilliancy, and Miss D'Alton with feeling and refinement. Mr. Traherne and Mr. Cecil contributed to the success of the concerts by their duet singing, which by the bye, has been greatly appreciated, we are told, throughout the tour. Miss Maud Powell, the youthful violinist, was remarkably successful, gaining immense applause each time she appeared. Mdme Gould accompanied throughout with artistic ability.

RUNCORN.—Professor André's "Alpine choir" commenced an engagement at Runcorn, on Thursday night, October 4th, when the Public Hall, which accommodates about 1,500 people, was crowded to excess. The entertainment consisted of songs, solos, recitations by young ladies attired in the picturesque dress of the Swiss, and from the commencement to its close the delight and satisfaction of the audience was complete. The choral pieces adapted for female voices were specially admired for the taste with which they were rendered, and a little girl, known as the "baby reciter," gave "The Big Policeman," in a way that would have done credit to a person of mature years. The recitation being remarkable for clearness of enunciation, intelligence, and graceful action.

TWICKESBURY.—The annual Festival of Choirs in commemoration of the restoration of this ancient edifice took place in the Abbey on Tuesday, Sept. 25th. The service commenced at three o'clock with a processional hymn, "Come forth, O Christian brothers" (John Naylor), in which the whole of the surpliced choir, the clergy, and band took part. The first parts of the services were intoned by the Rev. Thurston Rivington, senior curate at the Abbey, and the second by the Rev. Mr Bower, minor canon of Gloucester Cathedral. The first lesson was read by the vicar, the Rev. Hemming Robeson; and the second by the Very Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton, Dean of Worcester. The Psalms were—cxiii. (J. Foster), cxiv. (Tonus Peregrinus), and cxviii. (Henry Smart), all of which were beautifully rendered, and the "Magnificat," composed expressly for this festival by Dr C. J. Frost, of Twickesbury, was a masterpiece of music. The anthem, "Sing praises unto the Lord" (Gounod), was heard to advantage in the grand old church; "The Son of God goes forth to war" (Sir Arthur Sullivan) was sung before the sermon, which was preached by the Right Rev. Alfred Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of Colchester. At the conclusion the preacher made an eloquent appeal for funds towards the further restoration of the Abbey. The offertory hymns were "Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him" (Sir Arthur Sullivan), "The day is gently sinking to a close" (Henry Smart), and the recessional hymn, "O praise ye the Lord"

(Dr H. J. Gauntlett). The offertory amounted to about £40. The choir consisted of nearly 400 voices. Mr D. Hemmingway, organist of the Abbey, conducted (except in Dr Frost's music, which was conducted by himself). Mr William Knowles, St John's, Cheltenham, presided at the organ.—An organ recital in connection with the commemoration services was given in the Abbey the same evening by Mr C. J. Frost, Mus. Doc. Cantab. There was a large and appreciative congregation. The following is the programme:—March in D, Fantasia in F (Best); Sonata in C (Volckmar), Introduction, Allegro, Andante Finale; Andante in G, Larghetto in F (Frost); Hommage à Handel (Moscheles); Cantata, "God, Thou art great" (Spohr); "He led them through the deep," "But the waters overwhelmed" (Handel); Allegro Vivace, Reformation Symphony (Mendelssohn); Andante Grazioso in E, Moderato con moto in A minor (Smart); Allegro Vivace in A minor (Morandi); Chorus, "Hallelujah," *Messiah* (Handel).

WORCESTER.—On Friday evening, Sept. 28, an immense congregation assembled in the Cathedral, the "annual special thanksgiving service for the blessing of the harvest." These services are invariably popular, but this year a most successful feature was introduced, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter, which, says *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, is likely to render them far more so—viz., the decoration of a portion of the interior of the venerable fane with flowers, fruit, and corn, as emblematical of blessings vouchsafed in the due preservation and safe ingathering of the "fruits of the earth." An additional attraction was music of a higher class than is usually heard on these occasions, a selection from the *Creation* being given at the conclusion of the sermon. The ordinary choir was supplemented by 80 members of the Worcester Philharmonic Society. The soli parts were taken by Miss Julia Jones (of London), and Messrs Smith, Dyson, Dyke, and Milward (lay clerks) who, as well as the chorus, acquitted themselves admirably. Mr Done conducted, and Mr Hugh Blair (assistant organist) presided at the beautiful instrument which graces our Cathedral.—The concerts of the Worcester Glee Club for this season commenced on Tuesday, October 9, under excellent auspices. The list of members affords gratifying proof of the combined interest taken in the club. The committee after due consideration of various circumstances, have made arrangements with the Birmingham Glee Union to sing at all the concerts, and the reputation of Mr Bickley's party—whose services are in such wide request—gives most ample guarantees that the vocal music will be exceedingly enjoyable. With good reason, therefore, a very successful season is anticipated.—On Wednesday, Sept. 26, the annual general meeting of the Worcestershire Musical Union, was held at the Guildhall, the Rev. W. W. Gedge in the chair, when the accounts for the past year were passed, and the officers of the society elected for next year. The Lord Bishop of Worcester was requested to accept the office of president, and Lords Beauchamp, Dudley, Lyttleton, and Windsor, and the Dean of Worcester, were re-elected vice-presidents. Major Domville was also appointed a member of the committee, and several new members were proposed for election. The first concert will be given in December, when a selection from Weber's *Oberon* will be performed; together with madrigals by Pearsall, Fesca, and others.

NORWICH.—The annual meeting of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Union was held on Tuesday evening, October 2, at the Clerical Rooms. There was a good attendance of members present. Mr F. Sutton was called to the chair. The minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, the Hon. Secretary (Mr S. N. Berry) read the report of the directors and the balance sheet, which were adopted. The retiring officers were all re-elected, and votes of thanks accorded to the Conductor (Dr Bunnett), the Hon. Secretary, and other officers, after which Mackenzie's cantata, *The Bride*, was put in rehearsal.—The annual general meeting of the Norwich Gate-house Choir was held at the Clerical Rooms, Upper Close, H. G. Barclay, Esq., the honorary secretary, in the chair. The report of the committee having been read and adopted, the existing officers of the society were one and all requested to accept office for the ensuing season, and the meeting proceeded to the election of the committee. In the hands of their valued conductor, Mr Kingston Rudd, the choir inaugurated the new season with a short rehearsal, after which the result of the voting for the committee was declared, and as many proposals for new members were made as time would allow. Rehearsals will be held, as heretofore, at the Clerical Rooms every Friday evening, and the proposed programme for the season will be laid before the honorary members in the usual manner as soon as possible.

The chairman of the Bristol Musical Festival Society states that about £1,100 had been raised towards founding a Bristol Scholarship in connection with the Royal College of Music.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The programme of the "classical night" this week consisted of Haydn's Symphony in G ("The Oxford"), Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*, and Schubert's Entracte to *Rosamunde*, all of which, although many of Mr Crowe's principal instrumentalists were engaged at the Leeds Festival, were well performed. Besides these masterpieces, Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Polonaise" for pianoforte, with orchestra, were played by Miss Florence Waud; and an arrangement for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Wilhelmj, of Walter's song in Wagner's *Meistersinger*, was remarkably well played by Mr Kettenus. The vocal music consisted of Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn," Gounod's "O that we two were maying," and Handel's "O ruddier than the cherry," respectively rendered by Miss Mary McClean, Miss Clara Samuelli, and Mr. Bridson. The theatre was, as usual, crowded.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Having been mentioned with great kindness in your columns on several occasions, I am emboldened to write to you and say that I am perfectly recovered from my illness, and thoroughly prepared for the exercise of my professional abilities. I hope that you will not consider me unduly presumptuous if I say that I am most anxious in the future to become a successful solo violinist, as well as to perform in the orchestra. I approach the musical public with profound humility and respect, and shall spare no effort to merit their approval. I shall be glad to play at any concerts (without remuneration) in order to make the acquaintance of the London musical world.—Hoping for your favourable consideration, I am, Sir, your most grateful servant,

FRANK J. AMOR.

490, Wandsworth Road, S. W.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(From "Berrow's Worcester Journal," Sept. 25, 1783.)

"An instance of the extravagance and dissipation of the present times is seen in the two London theatres, where the salaries of 33 performers only, amount to £362 15s. per week. At the opera house the sums lavished away exceed all credibility. And at the Pantheon, last winter, one Italian had 100 guineas a night for singing, and the whole expense of fourteen concerts exceeded £3,000!!!" [Three exclamations would have been inadequate to express surprise had it fallen to the writer to announce the sums paid to some of the high-class artists of the present day.]

BRUSSELS.—M. Reyer was here lately to make arrangements for the production of his opera, *Sigurd*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, where the work will be performed in December. The leading parts will be thus cast: Brunhilde, Mme Caron; Hilda, Mme Bosman; the Sibylle, Mme Deschamps; Sigurd, M. Jourdain; Gunther, M. Devries; and Hagen, M. Gresse. The opera is in four acts; the first act is laid in the old kingdom of the Burgondes; the second, in Iceland; and the last two at the Court of King Gunther on the banks of the Rhine. The book is by M. Du Locle, who wrote that also of *Aida*, and was manager of the Paris Opéra-Comique before M. Carvalho. Being taken from the same source, it has many points of resemblance with Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*.

BERLIN.—The Royal Operahouse has been put to sad straits lately for want of a contralto. Last year, the management, having engaged Mme Reicher-Kindermann, informed Mme Luger, then a member of the company, that her services would not be required after a certain date, so she accepted an engagement at the Stadttheater, Leipsic. Meanwhile, Mme Reicher-Kindermann died suddenly at Trieste, and none who presented themselves to succeed her gave satisfaction. In this dilemma, the management have been compelled to enter into negotiations again with Mme Luger, who will sing here occasionally during the winter, and in April return as a regular member of the company, Mdle Johanna von Ghilany, now at the Stadttheater, Lübeck, will also be engaged.—It is proposed to hold a grand musical festival here next year and give the profits to constitute the nucleus of a fund for erecting a Beethoven Monument. The representatives of the Musicians' Association, the Organists' Association, and the Pianoforte-Teachers' Association, together with many musical notabilities, have already met to discuss the matter and form a managing committee.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.

By H. E. D.

No. 3.—MR JORKINS IN PANDEMONIUM.

"The man that hath no music in himself."

Merchant of Venice (Act V. sc. 1).

"What the dickens are you doing! We shall be dashed to atoms!" shrieked Mr Jorkins, as the fiend, holding him fast by the arm with an irresistible grip, proceeded to leap from the verge of the cliff into unknown space. Down, down they swept at a fearful speed through impenetrable mist. "I tell you we shall be dashed to atoms!" again cried Mr Jorkins. His guide assured him with a sardonic grin that there was no fear of that.

To the old gentleman's surprise, however, he felt no uncomfortable or suffocating sensation, but found the motion rather agreeable than otherwise. But though he did not suffer any physical discomfort, the agony of mind which he experienced, caused by suspense and anxiety, was intense.

"Confound it!" he said, in a half-defiant, half-injured tone, "why do you play off your practical jokes on me? If you must amuse yourself with experiments in aerostation, there are surely plenty of persons—say, for instance, in the Balloon Society—who have plenty of time for this sort of thing, and would be happy to accompany you on your perilous and, in my opinion, foolhardy expeditions. I must insist on your putting me down by the nearest railway station, that I may return to my family!"

"You will have no further need of railways," replied the fiend, "and your family will get on very well without you."

"Don't be a fool, sir! I tell you I must be back to-night. I have an important engagement in the morning."

"Ha! ha! Sorry to disappoint you," replied his sinister companion, "but you *won't* be home to-night, so you had better make your mind easy on that point."

"But, my good fellow, be reasonable! I am not prepared to be away from home. You see I have brought nothing with me—not even a nightshirt and brush and comb!"

The fiend remarked that he would have no use for such articles in future.

"Look here, fellow!" shouted Mr Jorkins, in a paroxysm of rage, "this sort of thing might do very well for a Christmas pantomime, of which that ridiculous disguise of yours reminds me, but you shall pay heavily for this, sir! Do you hear? I say you shall pay heavily for all this!"

"Be calm, my good man," said the sable myrmidon.

"Be calm, sir? I should like to know how the deuce a man is to be calm under such exasperating circumstances! It's enough to take the life out of him!"

The fiend was here convulsed with laughter. "You appear to be highly amused at something, sir," said Mr Jorkins. "As this seems to me to be no laughing matter, perhaps you will have the goodness to explain the cause of your merriment."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the fiend. "Always the same! I never knew a dead person yet that didn't believe he was alive. It's most difficult to convince 'em. Ha! ha!"

"What do you mean by being dead? Dead to what?"

"Why, dead to everything connected with that world of yours. Don't you remember, you were sitting in your arm-chair, in front of the fire, last night? Well, just about twelve o'clock you died suddenly. Your body will be found dead in the chair, and the doctors will announce that you died of a fit of apoplexy. Meanwhile, your spirit is here, and, for the present, in my safe custody."

"It's impossible! It's absurd!" cried Mr Jorkins. "Why, here's my body intact. I can feel it; and if I pinch myself it gives me pain. It is a primary law of Nature that a body cannot be in two places at the same time."

"Precisely; but what you feel is only the sensation of substance and of pain—nothing more."

"Ah! that's the old Berkeley theory," said Mr Jorkins. "You'll excuse me, but I do not believe a word of what you say."

"Well, you may think just what you like; but I am afraid that very soon you will find that what I have said is true."

Mr Jorkins was for some minutes engaged in deep meditation. At length he exclaimed:

"Ah! of course! Yes, that's it! I say, have you seen that article on 'Mesmerism' in this month's *Nineteenth Century*? Fortunately I happened to read it! I see through it all, now. Some presumptuous maniac has mesmerized me; or else I am in a state of 'hypnotic rapport.' In any case, I shall soon be back in my original state; and then I shall have the whole of this disgraceful business inquired into."

However, the old gentleman did not feel by any means as confident in the matter as his words would lead one to suppose; and the evil grin on his companion's face increased his apprehensions, and caused him to again become particularly uneasy.

They were now emerging from the mist in which they had been all this time enveloped, and the prospect which presented itself beneath them was, in its appalling grandeur and repulsive majesty, quite indescribable; and hence we need no apology for not giving a description of it.

"Let us waive the subject of my particular condition of existence," said Mr Jorkins. "Perhaps you will tell me what you call this extraordinary region." The fiend replied:—"We have long passed the limits of those spheres which are regulated by what you call Time, and are now within the confines of the Eternal."

They alighted on the rugged side of a wild and barren mountain.

"This cavern," said the evil messenger, "leads to the dark region of the Unmusical. Thither we go."

"But what has this place to do with me?" enquired Mr Jorkins.

"Yonder comes an aged being in whose charge I shall leave you. Ask him?"

The venerable individual now approached and said in a solemn voice, "Follow me!"

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir!" said Mr Jorkins, in his blandest manner. "Pardon me, before we go any further I must request a few words of explanation."

"Follow me," said the other.

"May I enquire what I am supposed to be doing here?" asked Mr Jorkins as he followed.

"These are the Realms of the Unmusical. Here thou art doomed to dwell with all those who in their lives have hated or hindered the progress of the Sacred Art."

"But I am not aware that I have ever done the one or the other," cried Mr Jorkins.

"Listen!" said his guide. "Excuses are useless. Thy fate is inexorable. Not only didst thou blaspheme against Music and promulgate derogatory theories, but the great musicians themselves were not spared thy relentless shafts. Didst thou not condemn Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and others indiscriminately? Didst thou not call music a 'vapid, sentimental recreation only fit for young girls and old women of both sexes,' and speak of the great Wagner as a 'creator of new and original noises'?"

"But I was never able to understand Wagner, and——"

"Unfortunately many of those who condemn him do not. And that is all the more reason why thou shouldst have been silent on the subject. Men should always reverence those things which they do not understand. They only can criticize who are qualified by deep study and special aptitude, and have surmounted all prejudices."

"Pardon me for interrupting you," said Mr Jorkins, "but would you mind requesting that man to desist from making that atrocious noise. It not only prevents my hearing distinctly what you have to say, but sets on edge every tooth in my head."

"Nay! That spirit is doomed to the eternal occupation of saw-sharpening for having refused to stand during a public performance of Handel's 'Hallelujah' Chorus."

"But, surely, there can be no necessity for the incessant ringing of that confounded muffin-bell!"

"That man once used the vulgar and disrespectful epithet 'rot' in connection of one of Bach's Fugues."

"But is not the punishment severe for such small crimes?" asked Mr Jorkins.

"It is not the sin itself, but the evil spirit which actuates it, that they suffer for. Were such men as these and thyself admitted to the realms of music, the eternal serenity of the place would soon be destroyed by venomous cynicism, and its harmony changed to darkest discord. But stay! Here is thy lot: to perpetually revolve the handle of this itinerant organ of the street. There are three tunes—'Dream Faces,' a jig, and 'Tiddy-fol-lol.' Thou wilt find four notes a semitone flat, and about seven missing altogether. The effect will at first be a little interesting and, perhaps, amusing, but will, after a while (say in what in thy late terrestrial time-system thou wouldst call a hundred years), become somewhat monotonous. Proceed!"

"May I ask why I am required to grind this particular infernal machine?" said Mr Jorkins.

"Didst thou not, with sundry gratuities, encourage that disreputable Italian who used to perform on a similar engine of noise outside thy house?" "Purely as an act of charity, I protest!" interposed the unhappy old gentleman. "Dost thou call it an act of charity to cause agony to a musician living next door, and to

interrupt the sweet evolutions of his fertile genius? Proceed, I say, and beware!"

"But I emphatically decline," said Mr Jorkins. "Then take this rash being into the lower regions of sound-torture!" commanded the aged monster to those around.

Poor Mr Jorkins was thereupon dragged away in no easy frame of mind. The further he went the more loud and discordant were the sounds with which his ears were assaulted, until at length he was led into the midst of a vast multitude of indiscriminate beings, each of whom proceeded to make the most hideous noises. There he found countless German bands, street organs, banjos, German concertinas, accordions, bag-pipes, Salvation Army minstrels, hurdy-gurdies, steam-whistles, steam-hammers, steam-saws, and every conceivable machine, instrument, and animal organism of objectionable sound which could be brought together. The noise and confusion increased in intensity until it was excruciating and indescribable. Mr Jorkins thrust his fingers into his ears and begged for mercy, but the atrocious sounds seemed only to augment in fury. He shrieked his loudest, but his voice was now quite inaudible even to himself. His head seemed bursting, and all around began to grow dim and confused. He gave one deep groan of agony, fell backwards, and—awoke in a state of great exhaustion still sitting in his arm-chair with the fire nearly burnt out and his glass of grog quite cold.

A number of cats were holding a turbulent meeting outside; all else was still. "Thank Heaven!" ejaculated the old gentleman, as he rubbed his eyes and crept off to bed.

It has been noticed that Mr Jorkins has of late relaxed somewhat in his strictures on music. He has also, it is said, made a solemn vow to entirely abstain from heavy suppers in the future.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 34.

(Continued from page 613.)

1798.

Sacchini's serious opera *Evelina* was performed at the King's Theatre; and on Tuesday the 26th of January a new comic opera, called *La Scuola dei maritati*, was produced. The music was by Martini. In this opera Signora Angelelli made her first appearance in England. This lady's voice, though by no means powerful, had great flexibility, and her execution was tasteful and pleasing. Morelli and Viganoni appeared to great advantage in Martini's charming music. A new serious opera was produced on Saturday the 24th of February, entitled *Cinna*, the music of which was composed in this country by Bianchi. It is scientific, original, and pleasing; and, aided by such singers as Banti and Viganoni, it could not fail affording gratification to the admirers of the art. The band was that night led by Salomon, Viotti, who began the season, having been ordered, under the alien act, to leave the country by the 4th of March. To rebut the charges made against him, Viotti made an affidavit, which he published, wherein he declared that he "frequented no coffee-houses, belonged to no clubs, and had never in any situation uttered a word which could be deemed offensive to the British government." On the other hand it was said, that he had been in the revolutionary army, and had uttered intemperate expressions against the memory of the late Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Whether the latter was true or not I could not ascertain, but it was well known that he had enjoyed the patronage of that unfortunate princess for many years, and lost it through the violence of his ungovernable temper. Viotti was commanded by the queen to play before the royal family; but being interrupted in his performance by the noise made at the entrance of the Count d'Artois, he evinced his indignation, by breaking off abruptly and leaving the room.

I cannot refrain stating here an extraordinary coincidence which occurred at Covent Garden Theatre. On the day the news arrived in London of the decapitation of Louis the Sixteenth, (which took place on the 21st of January 1793,) their Majesties George the Third and his Queen, were to have been present at a play commanded by them at that house, and the royal box had been prepared as usual in the early part of the day; but the official intelligence of that event, which prevented their Majesties being present, not having been received until the afternoon, the King's box remained up, though it was unoccupied during the performances. A short time subsequently to the 16th of October in the same year, the day of the death of the Queen of France, (a distance from the former of nine months,) their Majesties had again signified their intention to honour the same theatre with their presence; when the news of that mournful event

arriving in London, at a similar time of day as the foregoing, a like disappointment was experienced by the public, and the royal box again remained empty during the evening.

On Saturday the 21st of April, Signor Benelli, from Naples, made his first appearance in London, in Cimarosa's comic opera of *Il matrimonio segreto*. Benelli displayed a fine flexible voice with a sufficient degree of strength, and he executed the most difficult passages with brilliancy and ease. His style, however, was rather too florid. He was generally and greatly applauded. The company was now strong, both in the serious and the comic opera.

The opera concerts commenced at the King's Theatre on Monday the 5th of February. The singers were, as before, those belonging to the opera company; the orchestra consisted of the opera band.

I had for some time till lately been in the habit of giving instructions on the German flute to Mr Sperling, a gentleman who had retired from business with a handsome fortune, and who, though a widower of sixty years of age, had had the courage to take for a second wife a buxom young widow of thirty. They lived tolerably well together for a time, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages. Their harmony was, however, at length interrupted by the clatter of the lady's tongue, which was incessantly exerted to induce her spouse to make his will, not only in his favour, but in her presence also. The good man being desirous to avoid, as Congreve says, "that eternal rotation of tongue which never gave even an echo fair play," was induced to comply with her desire, and taking her with him to his solicitor, bequeathed to her his whole fortune. The lady, in consequence, was for a short period in good humour and full of spirits; but, alas! through the instability of human affairs, she at length assumed an increased tone of violence and independence; and in the climax of one of her curtain lectures, observed to her husband, that as she was now provided for, he might die as soon as he pleased. This expression, making a powerful impression on the mind of Mr S—, he, as soon as breakfast was ended the following morning, repaired to his attorney's, whom he informed, that he had come for the purpose of making his will. "What!" said the lawyer, greatly surprised, "have you forgotten that you made your will six months ago?" "That was my wife's will," replied the client, "and now I am come to make my own." He then cancelled the former testament, and by a new one divided the bulk of his property (nine hundred a year) among his relations, and to his kind rib he assigned an annuity of two hundred pounds.

The Lent performances opened at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 22nd of the same month, with the sacred oratorio the *Messiah*. Mara that night sang the introductory recitative and air, for the first time, with great pathos; and in "I know that my Redeemer liveth" she evinced the utmost delicacy and expression. At the end of the second act Dussek performed a concerto on the pianoforte, which was universally applauded. Dussek, who delighted the public with sweet sounds, gratified himself with delicious viands. He was an epitome of the fabled Erisichthon, who, according to Ovid, devoured at one meal provisions sufficient for a whole city. I went in the summer of last year with three friends (two of whom were ladies) to dine at the Ship Tavern, Greenwich, and we sat in the long room which commands a view of the Thames. While we were at dinner, near one of the windows, a waiter came and laid a cloth for one person on the next table, and when we had dined and were taking our wine and fruit, he placed the dishes on it, which consisted of a dish of boiled eels, one of fried flounders, a boiled fowl, a dish of veal cutlets, and a couple of tarts. I had scarcely said "that's pretty well for one person," when in came Dussek, who, after a how d'ye do? sat down to it. He was indeed some time at his repast; but if he was slow he was sure, for in half an hour he had cleared all the dishes, leaving, with the exception of the bones, "not a wreck behind!"

At Drury Lane Theatre the new grand dramatic romance of *Blue Beard, or Female Curiosity*, was performed for the first time on the 16th of January. This piece was written by Mr Colman, jun., and its music was composed and compiled by Mr Kelly. The principal singers in it were Messrs Kelly, Suett, Bannister, jun., Mrs Bland, Miss Decamp, (afterwards Mrs Charles Kemble) and Mrs Crouch. Among the best things were a ballad, delightfully sung by Mrs Crouch, "When pensive I thought on my love," the quartet in the first act, and the little march in the procession. By-the-bye, there was a contest as to who gave birth to this popular little march, something similar to that relating to the birth of Homer; for though seven cities did not contend for the honour, seven musicians did. The music of *Blue Beard* deserves great commendation. The success of this piece was unprecedented.

There was a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music from the works of Handel, at the opera concert rooms, by command, and under the patronage of their Majesties, on Friday the 4th of May, for the benefit of the fund of the Royal Society of Musicians, under

the direction of the Duke of Leeds, the Earls of Chesterfield and Uxbridge, Lords Fitzwilliam, Malden, and Grey de Wilton. The singers were Mdme Mara, Mdme Banti, Messrs Harrison, Bartleman, Knyvett, and others; Cramer led.

During a late friendly music party at the house of Sir J. D—, the conversation between the performances turning on that ferocious animal, the tiger, a gentleman asserted that there never was an instance of one being tamed, and related the following anecdote in support of his assertion: A gentleman, who had returned from India, brought with him a young tiger of so docile a nature, as to be suffered to roam about his study of a morning whilst he was reading or writing. One day in the winter, while he was sitting in a cabriolet chair near the fire-place, reflecting on a passage he had been reading, with a book in his right hand, and his left hanging over the arm of the chair, the animal approached and licked it. This at first he thought nothing of, till, it having been repeated several times, he felt a soreness on it; and looking at the beast, he perceived that he had, from the roughness of his tongue, drawn blood, which having tasted for the first time, his infuriated eyes and eager countenance left not a doubt on his mind that had he withdrawn his hand the tiger would have sprung upon him and have destroyed him. Thus circumstanced, he fortunately had sufficient presence of mind to keep his hand in the same position, whilst with the other he reached one of his pistols from off the mantel-piece, and preserved his own life by shooting the tiger through the head. Notwithstanding the tendency this relation may have to induce a belief that the tiger is not susceptible of being tamed, I place too implicit a reliance on the truth of an occurrence which I am about to relate, not to feel convinced that such an opinion would be founded in error. The old Lord Tyrawley had a tiger so tame that he was permitted frequently to go about the house like a dog, affording amusement to some and terror to others. My elder brother, Mr J. Parke, (the brilliant oboe player of his day) when a young man, was a *protégé* of his lordship, and about the year 1768 first attended his concerts. On one of these occasions he was shown into a large waiting room till the preparations were completed, and while standing by the fire-place, he was astonished and terrified at beholding a large tiger issue from behind a lofty screen placed before the door. The animal with majestic deportment walked quietly round the room, (occasionally observing him), whilst he, "almost distilled to jelly with his fears," was relieved from his agitation by the party, who had sent the beast in following, almost bursting with laughter at the trick they had played. This tiger continued perfectly docile until he died, which was several years afterwards. Lord Tyrawley lived before my time, but I had the pleasure of knowing his son, General O'Hara, of the guards, who had been governor of the English settlements at Senegal in Africa. When the general returned to England, he brought home some African curiosities, among which was the head of that extraordinary animal the hippopotamus. But what most claimed attention was a young negro, who, having afterwards been educated in England, became an excellent English and French scholar! This man had been a constant attendant on the general in all the engagements he had been in during the American war; never, even in the hottest of them, having been absent from his side. The general, in the year 1780, requested I would teach this person the oboe, which he had expressed a strong desire to learn. For this purpose he attended me in the house of my elder brother, to whom I had been articled, and he proved that, had he been enabled to prosecute the cultivation of that instrument, he would have become a good musician. It happened, however, unluckily for him, that when he came the sixth time he was the bearer of a letter (inclosing twenty pounds,) which announced that the general, having been appointed to a command on foreign service, was obliged to leave England immediately. General O'Hara had the command of the British troops, during the war against the French republic, in the attack on Toulon, which he survived but a few years; and at his death he bequeathed to his friend of colour, in consideration of his faithful services, an annuity of three hundred pounds. This black man's ability, and his attachment to his patron and benefactor, prove that an African with a cultivated mind differs from an European in nothing but his colour, which is not the effect of sin, but sun.

(To be continued.)

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(From "Berrow's Worcester Journal," Sept. 25, 1783.)

"The exact sum collected at the meeting of the three choirs at Hereford was £348 12s. 6d. The Right Hon. Lord Chedworth, and the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester have accepted the office of stewards for the ensuing meeting at Gloucester."

WAIFS.

Masini, of *Aida* and the *Requiem*, is in Madrid.

Mahler is the new conductor at the Theatre Royal, Cassel.

Gayarre will shortly fulfil a six nights' engagement in Saragossa.

Artôt-Padilla and her husband intend settling permanently in Berlin.

A. Rendano, the well known pianist, starts next month on a concert tour in Italy.

Marianne Brandt, with Martha Remmert, pianist, is making a concert-tour in Germany.

Miss Cantelo, of Nottingham, has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.

Filippo Romagnoli, the composer, has been created Knight of the Order of the Italian Crown.

Eugène d'Albert is making a concert-tour in Germany. He opened on the 25th ult. in Brunswick.

Camille de Saint-Saëns has returned to Paris from Cauterets. (Where he drank waters.—Dr Bldgr.)

The new Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches-Theater, Berlin, was opened on the 3rd inst. with Johann Strauss's *Eine Nacht in Venedig*.

A performance of Anton Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel* will be given next month by the Neustädter Vocal Association at Dresden.

A new zarzuela, *San Francisco de Lena*, music by Arrieta, will be performed next season for the first time, at the Teatro Apolo, Madrid.

Dr Gunz, the tenor, having abandoned, for the present, at least, the idea of opening a School of Singing in Berlin, has returned to Hanover.

Henry Schradieck, who resigned his post in Leipzig at Easter, has entered on his functions as professor of the violin at the College of Music, Cincinnati, U.S.

There is once more an operatic company at the Ducal Theatre, Coburg, and the season was inaugurated on the 30th ult. with a performance of Gounod's *Faust*.

Die Loreley, a romantic five-act opera, music by Adolf Mohr, conductor at the Thalia Theatre, Hamburg, will be produced this winter at the Stadttheater, Breslau.

The chorus for the Italian Opera, Paris, who are now being trained by Cairati in Milan, where they were engaged, will leave next month for the French capital.

Ella Russell, who has been singing some time in the Spanish provinces, has made a successful *début* at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid, as the heroine in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Miss Georgina Kuhe, the talented daughter of Herr Kuhe, who is "on tour" with Madame Ristori, has received the highest praises from the West of England Press for her Marie Samboorne in the tragedy of *Elizabeth, Queen of England*.

Mr Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry left Liverpool on Thursday by the White Star steamer *Britannic* for New York. A large gathering, representative of literature and the drama, witnessed their departure, and wished them a pleasant voyage.

Mr George Gear played the following pieces (amongst others) with great success during his recent tour with the German Reed Company. "Süchliches Lied," Op. 88 (Ignace Gibsone), together with his own Rondo Brillante, "La Gioja," and his Fantasia on Gounod's *Faust*.

Mr Alberto Randegger has accepted the appointment of conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Choral Society formed by the chorus of the old Liverpool Philharmonic Society. The new society begins its season on Thursday, November 8, with *Elijah*, which is to be followed by the *Messiah*, and subsequently *Israel in Egypt*.

At Salisbury, the other day, a tramp, who presented a very ragged appearance, was charged before the magistrate with vagrancy. Asked why he was going to Portsmouth (whither he said he was bent), he answered: "Oh, to see my tailor, my wardrobe being rather exhausted." He was condemned to fourteen days at Winchester, to find his tailor there.

Balfe's cantata, *Mazeppa* written in 1860, and produced at Exeter Hall under the direction of the composer, with Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Sainton-Dolby, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Santley as principal vocalists, was performed last week at Margate for the benefit of the Crèche with extraordinary success, by a choir of ladies and gentlemen, conducted by Lord Arthur Hill. The chief parts were sung by Mrs Francis Talfourd, Lady Arthur Hill, Mr Spooner Hardy, and Mr Trelawney Cobham. The music—bright, fascinating, and dramatic—was most enthusiastically received.—ALMAVIVA.

Mr Hollingshead reminds us that the receipts on the remarkable occasion of Mr Irving's recent performances at Edinburgh, to which we lately referred, were not "the largest" ever recorded in the case of an English theatre out of London. They were exceeded, we are informed, at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, on the occasion of the last visit of Mme Sarah Bernhardt, when the large sum of £522 was taken for a single representation of a French play.

The arrangements for the production of the Drury Lane drama entitled *Youth*, at the Châtelet Theatre in Paris have, we learn, been made through the medium of Mr Horace Lennard in London, and Mr Louis Melbourne in Paris, in pursuance of a new organization for the protection and development of international rights of dramatists. French adaptations of English romantic dramas are, at all events, a noteworthy token of a reversal of the practice that has, with rare exceptions, hitherto prevailed.

SLUMBER, MY BABY.

Slumber, my baby, thy sweet rest be taking,
Pillow thy head on my breast;
Sleep, never fearing a troubled awaking,
Mother will watch while you rest.
Hark! how the sad wind is mournfully calling,
Brave birds haste over the spray;
See! where the white sails are rising and falling
Father is making his way.

Sleep! for thy father is hastening onward,
See where his boat breasts the foam;
Like a sea bird on the wing it is speeding,
Bringing thy father safe home.
Hush, baby, hush! for the soft wind is sighing,
Sleep, while I watch o'er the sea;
Over the waves the bright moonbeams are lying,
Guiding him onward to me.

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